# 04 by Antarc

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**Summary:**

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When Steve gets too whiny for Billy's attention, all he gets is Billy's hand wrapped around his dick and being told "You can do the rest."
So he huffs and grumbles and pushes into the firm grip of Billy's fingers. Gets lost in the drag of skin and the slick of his own precome.

He watches Billy's indifferent face, turned towards the TV as he makes Steve get himself off. Thinks of those fingers digging into his hips, grabbing him by the throat. He wants to ask Billy for more, for his eyes to roam over his body, to shove his cock in his mouth. He moans.

And Billy shushes him.
Just that slight reprimand makes Steve flush with sweet embarrassment and his dick twitches that much harder. He'll be good. He needs to be.
With every push of his hips and every swallowed whimper, his belly tightens with heat until it spills over.

His legs shake and his eyes tear up as he holds back the noises that threaten to fall out of his mouth and his dick pulses out spurt after spurt of hot come into Billy's palm.
And finally, Billy looks at him. Takes in his hair plastered to his sweaty face. His heaving chest.

Instead of letting go of Steve's softening dick, his grip tightens alongside the cheeky grin spreading across his face. There's a dangerous, hungry sparkle in his eyes. "It's too much," Steve protests. And oh, that was the wrong thing to say, because the grin only widens.

"I know, Stevie," Billy purrs. "But you're a good boy, aren't you?" A pleasurable shiver runs down Steve's body. "Of course you are. So you will take what I give you, right?" He nods, eyes wide.
And then he watches Billy coax him back to painful hardness with slow, firm strokes.